

Life with LaMoin

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My Dear Friends:

Noah Miracle Prince Sanjaya, son of our national pastor, is growing like a weed, and is a fat, healthy, happy baby. He had us concerned just before his birth when the doctor said that Eny would have to have an immediate cesarean delivery. We praise God that he is fine, and the parents could not be happier. They adore him!

Before Noah was born, Eny had no money to buy clothes for him. She had nothing! My daughter, Shaleen, had a "money gift" baby shower with the ladies from her church. She put together a power point presentation of pictures of Eny and showed it at the shower so the ladies could feel connected. God blessed, and about \$300.00 was given to buy needed things. I bought some clothes, a walker with a little sun roof and a handle that could also be used for a stroller, a diaper bag, one of those carriers that straps onto the Mom - or Dad, and some other things. We surprised her with those things. I took a video of her opening the gifts and then I gave her cards from the ladies at the shower. She and Wayan read each card and thanked each lady individually. Then the video was shown to the ladies who had given the money gifts. It was a wonderful blessing for them.

I had money left, so I took her shopping. We had so much fun buying for Noah. During our shopping, I was reminded of a valuable lesson. Eny loves pink, so she was picking out pink things. I told her that pink is for girls and blue is for boys. How dumb of me! That is OUR culture! In a country where they are blessed to have clothes, they have no understanding of what colors to put on the babies. While I was with her, she bought blue - to please me. But when she shopped alone with the remainder of the money - guess what? She bought pink! The color is not important to them. They don't judge the sex of a baby by what color it is wearing.

My grandson, Shane, donated the money to buy a crib, which made them very happy. They had no place to put all of the new things, so we bought a typical Balinese chest of drawers - made of heavy plastic! And it was decorated with Disney characters which made it very special.

Now that Noah is old enough, and Eny has fully recuperated, I am teaching her to fish! No, not really fish fishing. You know the old adage - "Don't give a boy a fish, but teach him to fish." Last year I decided to teach her to bake cakes and to start a business, so it would guarantee them some income in the future. Churches in Bali grow very slowly since the Hindus are very difficult to win to Christ. But we want the church - and Pastor Wayan and Eny - to be self supporting in the future. The wives of many American pastors work to supplement the family income, so why not in Bali? Eny wanted to start a business, and had prayed much about something that she could do from her home and still be able to help Wayan in the ministry. She was happy with the idea of the cake business.

Brother Dave Livengood in Canton, Ohio led his Sunday school class to raise the money to purchase a commercial oven for her. Now, we are sending her to school to learn to bake various kinds of cakes that are most popular in Bali. After she learns the local way of baking, I am going to teach her to bake and decorate specialty cakes - character cakes for children, birthday cakes, and other American cakes. I'm even going to

teach her to make pizza, since the Balinese love it, and there are no pizza restaurants in Singaraja. She will not have a restaurant, but will supply her baked goods to stores, schools, and other places of business. Please pray that God will give her a special talent for learning the business, and that it will be blessed and successful. When she is successful, then she can teach some of the women in the church to help her, and that will provide a small income for them also.

Eny's mother came from another Indonesian island to be with her for Noah's birth. Eny had not seen her since she was five years old. Her father died, and her mother could not provide for all the children, so when an uncle and aunt from another island wanted to take Eny, her mother agreed. After all of those years, when she heard that Eny was having a baby, she wanted to come to take care of her. Her mother had never heard the gospel, but Wayan led her to the Lord last month. She is just a poor village woman - but pretty smart. She suggested to Wayan that he should film his preaching, make a DVD of it, and send it to their families in East Timor who have never heard the gospel. What a great idea! (They do have access to computers.) Now, we must try to get them a camcorder for this evangelism. Wayan has a desire to plant a church there some day.

We were just heart broken last month when we had to turn away four abandoned children. We didn't have room or money to permanently support them. We need an orphanage so badly. We are not going to ask anyone for money, but I am asking for your prayers. Please pray that if God wants us to build an orphanage that He will supply the money. We have room on our church property for a building that could house about 40 or 50 children. We could probably build a simple cement block building for about \$60,000 dollars. But then, we would need people who would be willing to "adopt" these children and support them for food, clothing, and schooling (about \$20.00 a month). It's a big challenge. What hurts us so badly is that these children will never have the opportunity to be saved if they are turned away, because we will lose contact with them. If we can bring them into an orphanage on the property, Wayan and Eny would have the opportunity to teach them every day and lead them to Christ. Just please pray with me about this need.

I have been spending a lot of time in front of my computer for the past couple of months - writing my third book, "This Is Kenya." I was very proud of myself for my rigid discipline to write every day - instead of just when I "feel" like it. I was doing great, and I could finally see the finish line, but then I paid dearly for sitting so long. I don't know how it happened, but my sciatic nerve in my hip got inflamed. That stopped me from writing. The pain is so bad that I can't sit very long. It runs down the length of my leg to my ankle. Pain pills don't even help a lot. It sure makes me aware - again - of how important each part of our body is. When one part is hurting, it spoils all of it. Just a little nerve can be so important - and so painful! It has been almost a month and it's much better, but not well yet. It sure is hard sometimes to obey God and "in everything give thanks...."

I love my five grandchildren, but I'm not one to always bore people by talking about them. However, I just have to tell you a funny thing that my two youngest grandsons said. My son, Greg, and his wife, Dawn, are very careful to limit the time that Hunter and Carter can play their beloved games on the computer, and the time they can watch television. At the time of this funny story, Hunter was four, and Carter was three. They came downstairs and headed for the computer, but Dawn said, "You have spent enough time on the computer. You must find something else to do." They obeyed, but stomped back upstairs to their room. Dawn heard this conversation over the monitor. Carter asked Hunter, "Are we mad?" Hunter replied, "No, but I am aggravated." Carter answered, "Me too, and I'm SICK of it."

From My Heart,
LaMoin